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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 74

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

AUGUST 3, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: (QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Twenty-eight years ago, when the United States Forest Service was assigned the big job of administering our great National Forests, their purpose was defined by the then Secretary of Agriculture as follows: "National Forests have for their objects to insure a perpetual supply of timber, to preserve the forest cover, which regulates the flow of streams, and to provide for the use of all resources which the forests contain, in the way which will make them of the largest service." Today, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers have those same fundamental objectives always in mind, as they carry on their important work of protecting and managing our National Forests in the highest public interests.

Each week at this time, we have a look-in on the Pine Cone National Forest District, where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins is in charge. As we tune in now, here's Jim's young assistant, Jerry Quick, out on the front porch of the Ranger Station, taking the humidity reading.

JERRY: (CALLS) Jim - hey, Jim --

JIM: (OFF) Yeah?

JERRY: The humidity's down again today.

JIM: (COMING UP) Looks like fireweather, huh?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Well, here's hoping nobody gets careless up in the woods. We've got plenty to do without fighting fire.

JERRY: I'll say. Getting Bald Peak lookout station fixed up again, after that lightning bolt messed it up, kinda put us a little behind on the work schedule.

JIM: Yep. And a fire right now would put us further behind than ever.

JERRY: Well, Bald Peak lookout's all fixed up now, anyhow, and Pete Evans says he's feeling good as ever, even if the lightning did knock him out for a while.

JIM: Yep. That's good, Jerry. Pete's a first-rate lookout, all right. We can count on him spotting a smoke right off, if there is one.

JERRY: Yeah. He's sure on the job.

JIM: Say - speaking of quick detection, - I had a note from Ranger Wingo, down on the Coronado National Forest, the other day, and he was telling me that Guard Roark reported a smoke one afternoon early in May, that turned out to be a ranch house on fire. Wingo got some men there in time to save most of the house and furniture, - and come to find out, the Guard had reported the smoke at least five minutes before the family knew their own house was on fire - and all of them at home and in the building, too.

JERRY: Say - that's going some.

JIM: Yep. - Well, let's see - I reckon we've got a long day ahead of us, Jerry - if we get over all the ground we're planning to.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Shall we head for that truck trail job first, or should I try to make the rounds of the salting grounds up in High Park on the way?

JIM: No, I guess we'd better go up to the road job first, seein' as we might need quite a little time up there.

BESS: (OFF) Oh Jim --

JIM: Yes - what is it, Bess?

BESS: (COMING UP) Jim - do you want me to fix a lunch for you and Jerry today?

JIM: Well, I reckon Jerry better pack along a little lunch, Bess, but I'll get some grub up at the road camp.

BESS: Grub - grub - that's an awful word. Why can't you say lunch or food or something?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Why, now, Bess. It's a beautiful word - especially when you're hungry.

BESS: It makes me think of insect larva.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) We might use the word "mess," like they do up at the Civilian Conservation camp.

BESS: "Mess" - that's worse yet.

JIM: Sounds kind of messy, eh?

BESS: (LAUGHING) There you go again. - Well, I suppose you'll be late for supper again tonight, as usual?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Late for supper? Whatever put that idea into your head, Bess?

BESS: (SARCASTIC) I can't imagine.

JIM: I s'pect we might, though, at that, Bess. So don't wait on us. We might be delayed up there at the road camp.

BESS: I won't. You'll find some "grub" in the kitchen.

JIM: All right. -- Well, Jerry -- I guess we better be getting the horses saddled up, huh?

JERRY: Okay.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF TWO HORSES WALKING)

JIM: Hmm -- Here we are, Jerry. There's some of the boys working over in there.

JERRY: Yeah. They've made good progress all right, since we were up here last time.

JIM: Yep.

FOREMAN: (OFF) Hey -- hold it, you fellows. -- Don't come no farther!

JIM: Whoa -- whoa, Dolly --

JERRY: (WITH HIM) Whoa, Spark.

(HORSES STOP)

JIM: (CALLS) What's the matter?

FOREMAN: (CLOSER) We're shootin' some rock -- jest ready to set off some blasts.

JIM: All right. Let 'er go.

(SOUND OF THREE BLASTS IN SUCCESSION, OFF)

JIM: (DURING BLASTS) Whoa now, Dolly -- easy now, girl. Just a little blasting, that's all.

JERRY: (WITH HIM) Whoa, Spark -- steady, boy.

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FOREMAN: (COMING UP) Three of 'em - that's all. - How are yuh, Jim? Howdy, Jerry.

JIM: Well, Howdy, Bill. What's going on? Shooting off a three-gun salute in our honor?

FOREMAN: (LAUGHING) Sure. A three-gun salute to the Rangers.

JERRY: Whew! We're getting a shower of dirt from it, even way over here.

FOREMAN: Jest a little fine stuff. Looks like that last shot wasn't tamped down tight enough. -- We haven't had to do much blasting along here, Jim, -- it's mostly loose rock we can move out with the bulldozer.

JIM: Yep. -- Well, Bill, it looks like we're going to have a truck trail through here yet.

FOREMAN: Yes sir. We're gettin' right along, Jim. Come along and I'll show you what's going on.

JIM: Okay.

JERRY: We might as well leave the horses right here, huh, Jim?

JIM: Yeah.

JERRY: I'll hitch 'em to a tree.

JIM: Uh huh. -- How are the boys making out, Bill?

FOREMAN: Jest fine, Jim, - 'ceptin' for a little complainin' about skeeters around the camp.

JIM: Mosquitos, huh? -- (CHUCKLES) Why don't you train 'em to drill your holes in the rock for blasting, and make 'em useful?

FOREMAN: (LAUGHING) Say, that's what we oughta do. These doggone skeeters around here've got bills on 'em that'd darn near go through rock, at that.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Ever hear about the way old Paul Bunyan solved the mosquito problem?

FOREMAN: Go ahead, let's have it, Jim.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, when it come the time of year that the skeeters got thick, old Paul used to get so soused every evening that he didn't give a cuss about the skeeters. Then along toward morning, the skeeters would get so soused that they didn't give a cuss about Paul.

FOREMAN: (LAUGHS) Pretty good, pretty good.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Mind, I'm not recommending that treatment around here, you know. -- Hmm. -- How far you got the right of way cleared ahead? Bill?

FOREMAN: More'n a mile, Jim. The swamping crew's going right after it.

JIM: How about that clump of brush up ahead there? Looks like they missed it.

FOREMAN: Yeah, I know. You see, - uh - it's this way - The boys were rolling out a few logs on the right of way in there and they scared up a little quail hen that was a-settin' on a nest. Eight eggs, they was. -- You see, the boys were kinda upset about it, so I told 'em to skip that place.

JIM: I see.

FOREMAN: Maybe we shoulda gone ahead and cleared it out, but I figured we'd have plenty of time to come back after she was off the nest and get it cleaned up.

JIM: Nope. I guess we can figure that little quail hen had squatter's rights. - (CHUCKLES) You know, Bill, those are the kind of boys I like to have working on our Forest.

FOREMAN: Yeah, Jim - me too.

JIM: Well, Jerry - got the horses tied up?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: All right - let's have a look around, here.

JERRY: Okay.

JIM: I reckon you'd better high tail it over to High Park pretty soon, though. I can stay on here and take care of what needs to be done, I guess, - and then go on back by our Vicilian Conservation Camp late this afternoon.

JERRY: Do you want me to meet you at the Conversation Camp?

JIM: No, I guess you'd better head straight on in to the Station after you've made the rounds up in High Park.

JERRY: All right. -- Maybe I'll make it back in time for supper, yet.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You're as bad as that horse of yours, when you get headed toward home and supper, young fellow.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSE WALKING IN TRAIL; JERRY WHISTLING TUNE)

JERRY: (CLUCKS) . Come on, step up, Spark - we haven't got all night.

(RESUMES WHISTLING AND HUMMING TUNE)

JERRY: Hey -- whoa -- whoa, Spark. -- Looks like smoke over there. (HORSE STOPS) -- Yes sir, that's a fire, all right. -- Gosh, and it's sure a bad day for a fire, too -- with all this wind. Come on, Spark, let's get a better look at it -- (CLUCKS) (SOUND OF HORSE TROTTING) Here -- whoa, Spark. (HORSE STOPS) Boy! She's sure boiling up -- look at that smoke, Spark! -- Look at it! That's too much for the smoke-chasers to handle already. Come on, Spark, old boy -- we've got to get men on that fire pronto -- (SOUND OF HORSE STARTING TO GALLOP) Let 'er go, old boy -- we're headin' for the Conservation Camp. --

(FADE OUT WITH HORSE GALLOPING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(BABEL OF VOICES, OFF)

WORKER: (CHEERY) Hey, Sarge, when do we eat?

CRABBER: (GROUCHY) Yeah, when do we eat? Gee, they'd jest as soon leave a guy starve to death, on top of makin' 'im heave a shovel all day.

WORKER: Aw, quit yer crabbin! Will yuh? All the work you're doin' ain't hurtin' yuh none.

CRABBER: No? Well, it ain't so easy --

WORKER: Say, what d'yuh think you signed up in this Conservation work for, anyway -- a picnic, or something? (CALLS) Hey, you guys -- we oughta give old Sourface here somethin' to cheer 'im up.

(SHOUTS AND LAUGHTER, OFF)

CRABBER: Hey, what's the idear -- Cut it out, will yuh?

VOICE: (OFF) Lay off the rough stuff, you guys.

WORKER: Okay, Sarge. - Hey, when do we eat?

(SOUND OF BEATING TRIANGLE OFF: VOICE SHOUTING: "COME
AND GET IT") (BABEL OF VOICES: SHOUTS OF "LINE UP!"
"HEY, QUIT YER SHOVIN" - "OH BOY! BEEF STEW" -
"HEAVY ON THE SPUDS, WILL YUH?" "HEY, GIT IN LINE.
THERE," ETC.) (BABEL OF VOICES CONTINUES THROUGH
FOLLOWING).

WORKER: Hot dog! - Hey, gimme the molasses, will yuh? -
(LOUDER) Hey, you down there - wake up and hear the
birdies sing. I want the molasses.

CRAB: Come and get it.

WORKER: Thanks. You're a big help to a guy. - Oh, boy - nice
and thick. I was livin' at a boardin' house once,
and the landlady used to thin the molasses with hot
water. Lasts longer that way - see? -

CRAB: How about seconds?

VOICE: Hey, you et all that already? Where'd yuh put it?

CRAB: Give us some more spuds, will yuh?

VOICE: All right, all right. -- Let's see you get around that
plateful.

(SOUND OF HORSE COMING UP AT GALLOP, OFF)

WORKER: Who's that comin'?

CRAB: It's that assistant ranger - Quick.

WORKER: Gee, he's sure steppin'

JERRY: (COMING UP) Whoa, Spark - whoa -(HORSE STOPS) (SHOUTS)
Hey - where's the Captain?

VOICE: (OFF) Here I am.

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Captain, I've got a fire! - I want the whole crew - every last man in camp!

VOICE: (OFF) Call 'em out, Sergeant.

(SHOUTS OF "FIRE, YOU GYYS!" "SNAP INTO IT!", "BRING UP THOSE TRUCKS!" - BABEL OF VOICES, ROAR OF TRUCKS STARTING UP, OFF - SHOUTS OF "LET'S GO!" ETC. NOISE CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Load the trucks, fellows! - Everything there is. - Yeah, the portable pumps, too. --

(CRASH OF TOOLS LOADED INTO TRUCKS)

CRAB: (COMING UP) Hey, lissen, Ranger, what's the idear? It's after hours and we done a day's work already --

JERRY: (ANGRY) After hours, huh? Look here, all working hours are off when we've got a forest fire. Get that?

CRAB: Yeah?

JERRY: Yeah. Snap into it.

WORKER: (COMING UP) Come on now, Sourface. This ain't no time for crabbin'.

CRAB: But lissen -

WORKER: Come on - you git to that fire, (GOING OFF) an' quit yer bellyachin' --

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Hey, tell the Camp Superintendent to take the boys up the road about a mile in the trucks. You'll have to hoof it from there.

VOICE: (OFF) Okay.

JERRY: I'll catch up with you fellows in a minute. I gotta get onthe phone, first.

VOICE: Okay.

JERRY: (SHOUTS) You'll find the fire, don't worry.

VOICE: (OFF) Okay - let's go!

(ROAR OF MOTOR TRUCKS - SHOUTS OF "LET'S GO")

VOICE: (COMING UP) How's that for get-away time, Ranger?

JERRY: Pretty good, Captain. Pretty good.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(RINGS PHONE, THREE LONG RINGS)

JIM: (TO PHONE) Hello? Hello, Conservation Camp? -

This is Jim Robbins. Listen, we've got a bad fire
and I want every man in camp out on it, right away. ---

What's that? -- They've all left? -- Huh? -- Jerry's
already taken 'em out, huh? -- Well - (CHUCKLES)

it looks like that boy Jerry's on the job, all right.

ANNOUNCER:

Yes sir - Jerry was on the job that time. And quick work is vitally necessary in conquering forest fire. -

And today, ladies and gentlemen, we want to join in honoring one of Uncle Sam's veteran foresters and cracker-jack fire fighters, - John H. Clack, Assistant Supervisor of the Lolo National Forest in Montana. - The other day, Jack Clack wrote his last official memorandum for the U.S. Forest Service, and his name was added to the retirement rolls after twenty-six years of honest, efficient and enthusiastic work with the Service. Jack is widely known up in the Northern Rocky Mountain country as a man and a woodsman. In his work for the forests, he has spent month after month alone in timbered areas where trails were unknown, and he has endured hardships equaled by but few men. He blazed many of the first trails that ever penetrated the remote wilderness areas of the Flathead country. -- A few days after his retirement, Jack learned of a trail riders' trip that was going into a primitive area in the Flathead National Forest. Jack insisted on going along, on his own, and today, despite his retirement to private life, Jack Clack is riding with the boys up in the wild mountain country he knew and loved so well.

We join with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in wishing Jack Clark - "happy days." --

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JERRY: Well - uh - not exactly, Mrs. Robbins. -- You see,
I - I took Ruth Lander out for a little ride this
afternoon, down in Willow Glen.

BESS: Oh.

(JIM CHUCKLES)

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Well - so Jerry has a new car. Just the thing to run
down to Willow Glen in, now and then. -- It looks like there's a
growing attraction in Willow Glen, too.

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